A FATAL WEDDING.

By Lottie Braham.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

The library at the castle opened on to the grand hall. Until five o'clock, when afternoon tea was served in the great hall on the return of the sportsmen, Miss Hatton was free. She drew a great high-backed chair up to the hearth and sat down, crossing her little feet on the fur rug, and looking dreamily into the glowing fire.

Perhaps it was because Lord Keith's presence harmonized so perfectly with her thoughts that she gave no start of surprise when, ten minutes later, he came up to the tall mantelpiece, and gazed down at her with a very tender look as his blue eyes met her dreamy glance.

"You came home early," she remarked, noticing that he had changed his shooting garb, and wore a loose brown velvet suit which was both picturesque and becoming.

"Yes," he answered, in rather a low tone; "I left the others. I hoped to see you alone."

She began to tremble slightly; and her heart throbbed heavily; but she preserved her outward calm. Lord Keith saw that she put aside the hand screen she had been holding, and that the little jeweled fingers were unsteady.

"I do not wish to distress you," he went on, with a tender intonation, his handsome face very earnest, as he leaned forward in the firelight. "But I have been very patient, Barbara. It is three long weeks since the earl gave me permission to speak to you on a subject very near my heart; but you have put me off; you would not let me tell you how dear you have been to me ever since I first met you. But my patience is exhausted now, Barbara. I have borne the suspense as long as I can bear it, and I have come to you for your answer, dear."

Barbara hesitated; she had grown very pale now, and her lips were quivering. Lord Keith waited in silence, but confidently. He knew all he had to offer, he felt that many a man in his position would have hesitated before offering Barbara Hatton what he offered her. He himself, in his family pride, had hesitated a little at first; but he loved her, and she was very beautiful.

"You know?" the girl said faintly, after more than one effort to speak; and her eyes, half wistful, half proud, were raised to his. "And you—you do not mind?"

"I know," he answered, gently; and from his tone the girl felt assured that he did mind. "I know, Barbara; but I love you, and you will be my wife?"

"You are generous," she responded; "and I——"

"I'm generous, too, my darling," he struck in, leaving his chair and coming over to her side. "Give me the little hand I want. Is it mine, Barbara?" he added softly, as she put her trembling fingers into his. "Is it mine, dear?"

"If you care to have it," Barbara whispered tremulously, feeling as if heaven had opened before her dim and dazzled eyes; and Lord Keith stooped and kissed the little hand which rested in his, then released it.

As they stood thus a servant came across the hall and announced that a lady was asking for her—begged to see her, indeed, having walked from Stourton for the purpose. She gave her name as Miss Courtenay.

"I will go to her," the girl said; then, as the servant went away, she turned to Lord Keith with a charming affectation of humility. "May I go?" she asked, demurely.

"I suppose I must let you," he answered, with a long sigh. "Dismiss her as soon as you can, darling, and come back to me. I am jealous of every moment of your time which is given to any one else."

She smiled as she passed him and went to the morning room, heedless that the envelope and inclosure which the earl had given her, which had fallen from her hand, had been caught by some of the cascades of lace on her gown and was still clinging to their frail support when she crossed the hall and entered the morning room.

CHAPTER VIII.

"You wished to see me?"

Barbara's low, languid voice had in it a touch of haughtiness as she spoke, and her visitor, who had been bending over a photograph on a table, by which she stood, turned quickly with a start of alarm. She was a slender, fair-haired girl of two or three and twenty, dressed in black; her face was small and thin, lighted by two gray eyes set rather widely apart. She had a small, nervous mouth, and Barbara thought that her gray eyes gave her a strange, startled look. She came forward timidly, looking at Barbara with surprised admiration as she stood stately and beautiful in her tawny plush gown.

"Miss Hatton?" she said, in a low, weary tone.

"Yes, I am Miss Hatton! You wished to see me, did you not?"

"If you please."

There was something so strange and depressed and nervous in her manner, that Barbara, looking at the small, shabbily dressed black figure which contrasted so forcibly with the costly if simple furniture of the room in which they stood, felt something like compassion. Her manner softened slightly when next she spoke.

"Will you not sit down?" she said, graciously. "You must be very tired if you walked from Stourton. I think the servant said you had."

"Yes, I walked," the girl answered in a low voice, her eyes glancing at everything save Barbara's face, which they seemed to avoid. "It is a long way."

The compassion in Barbara's face deepened. She sat down and motioned her visitor to a chair near the fire.

"Can I do anything for you?" Barbara then asked.

"I came to ask of you a great favor."

"Yes?" said Barbara, looking at her visitor with a kindly smile.

"My name is Alice Courtenay," continued her visitor. "I—I am acting at Stourton, at the Theater Royal."

Strive as she might, Barbara could not help the change which came into her voice as she remarked:

"At the Theater Royal? Is that the principal theater at Stourton?"

"Yes," Miss Courtenay answered, quickly—she was looking at Barbara now, and seemed more at her ease—"the largest. It is a fine building."

"So I have heard," said Miss Hatton, carelessly.

"Only heard?" the young actress exclaimed, in a disappointed tone. "Have you not been to the theater then?"

"No. We have been at Elsdale only a short time," Barbara answered. "Pray tell me what is it you wish me to do?"

Miss Courtenay's wandering gray eyes rested for a moment on Barbara's face.

"My mother was an actress," she said slowly; "but she cannot act now; she is an invalid and dependent upon me, and—"

She paused, still looking at Miss Hatton, who was very pale, and whose hand, as she replaced her cup on the gypsy table near her, was a trifle unsteady.

"You want me to help you?" Barbara finished for her. "I shall be glad to do so. I——"

"No; I do not ask you for money," the actress put in quickly. "We are poor, of course; but we are not in need. What I want you to give me is your patronage. I am to have a benefit on Thursday next; do you know what a benefit is, Miss Hatton?"

"Yes, certainly," Barbara replied, unhesitatingly.

"Then you know, too, perhaps, how important it is for me to have a good house," Miss Courtenay continued rapidly. "If you would prevail upon Lord Elsdale to extend his patronage to me——"

"And take tickets? Certainly. He will do so, I——"

"Not only take tickets," the actress said quickly, "but allow me to announce that the performance is under his patronage and that you will be present. People will go to see you, Miss Hatton," she added, hurriedly, "if they go for nothing else."

"I can hardly credit that," Barbara said, smiling; "but, if you will excuse me for a moment, I will ask the earl if he will allow me to accede to your request. We have a large house party just now, and I do not know whether it will be pleasant to our guests. I will do my best." Barbara promised, as she turned and left the room; while Miss Courtenay, who had risen, went back slowly to her chair and sank down into it again.

"It is impossible," she murmured, pushing her veil further back off her pale face; "he must be mistaken. She looks like a queen; and yet"—she slipped her hand into the bosom of her dress and took out a letter she had secreted there. It was the letter which Barbara had received, and which, having caught in the lace of her dress, had fallen unheeded by her to the floor. Miss Courtenay, unseen by Barbara, had picked it up and hidden it. "It is his handwriting and addressed to her," she added, as she examined it.

She placed the envelope back in its hiding place, and, rising, began to move restlessly about the room, looking with envious eyes on the comfort and luxury about her, contrasting her own shabby form, reflected in one of the mirrors, with Barbara's radiant loveliness and exquisite attire, and returning hastily to her seat, when the soft rustle of Barbara's skirts sounded on the polished oak without.

She came in smiling. "The earl is quite willing to let you use his name, if it be of any advantage to you to do so," she said, graciously. "And, although he will not be present himself, I will come, Miss Courtenay; and several of our guests have also promised. Mr. Sinclair will see the manager to-morrow and procure places."

"And you will really come?" the actress asked, eagerly.

"Yes, I will come. I will not fail. What play do you act?"

"'The Lady of Lyons.'"

"I am very glad. It is a favorite play of mine," Miss Hatton remarked. "I have ordered a carriage to take you home," she added, kindly. "And perhaps you would like a few flowers to take to your mother."

In almost absolute silence Miss Courtenay followed her into the conservatries, while Barbara, with many kindly questions about the invalid mother—who had no existence save in the actress' imagination—put together a great bunch of sweet flowers and gave them to her with her prettiest smile; and perhaps it was because the flowers filled both her hands that the actress feigned not to see Barbara's outstretched hand when she bade her farewell and left her to the care of the servants, who led her out to the waiting brougham which Miss Hatton had ordered to take her back to Stourton.

Through the chill autumnal evening Miss Hatton's visitor was driven rapidly toward the large and busy town of Stourton, where the lamps were all lighted, and the cathedral chimes were sounding. At the outskirts she dismissed the carriage—she need trouble them no further, being at home, she told the servants, and, when they had driven away, she hurried on foot to a small, mean-looking house in the heart of the town.

Just as Alice Courtenay stopped at the door, it was opened from within, and a man, coming out hurriedly, met her face to face and uttered an exclamation of pleasure, at which the girl's face brightened.

"Well," he asked, eagerly, "have you succeeded?"

The tarnsient gleam of pleasure died out of the girl's pale face.

"Yes," she answered drearily, taking a sheet of paper from the folds of her gown, while a sob rose in her throat, "I have succeeded."

CHAPTER IX.

The evening at the castle passed much as other evenings had. There were cards in the card room for those who cared for them; there was music in the drawing room, and careless chatter.

Lord Keith's sweet tenor voice rose, singing Olivette's ballad with such expression that Lady Rose Darley whispered to him, smiling, that its sentiment evidently harmonized with his mood.

"It would have been charming if Captain Adams had not interfered with the harmony by crackling that tiresome newspaper and making sundued remarks," she said, plaintively. "May one inquire what you have found so interesting in the Stourton Evening Star, Monsieur le Capitaine?"

"The finest thing I ever read, by Jove!" promptly answered the young man, his face glowing with admiration as he looked up from the newspaper. "Deserves the Victoria Cross if ever a man did!" he added, in irrepressible excitement. "Let me read it to you, Miss Hatton, may I? It is by long chalks the finest thing I ever heard of."

"Let us have it, by all means," said Lady Rose Darley, merrily. "I hope it is not poetry. Barbara, my dear, have you any objection? None? Then pray proceed, Captain Adams; we are all most eagerly attentive."

Lord Keith had moved half round on the music stool, letting one hand still linger on the keys as he turned his face toward Captain Adams. Lady Rose had assumed an attitude of comically subdued attention. Barbara had come nearer also, and stood with her fan unfurled, the soft lamplight gleaming upon the great pearls about her throat, and the silver threads in the folds of her gown. From her chair near the hearth Blanche Herrick looked at her with an angry glitter in her blue eyes, and even in her jealous pain she could not deny the wondrous beauty of the girl who had supplanted her.

With a slight tremor in his voice, the young officer read the paragraph which had excited his enthusiasm. It was an account of an almost everyday occurrence which had been raised from the commonplace by a brilliant display of heroism.

The reporter of the Stourton Evening Star had had his soul stirred within him by the brave deeds he had witnessed, and in words eloquent from their simplicity he described the fire which had broken out in a many-storied house in one of the densely populated poorer parts of the city, a house in the upper rooms of which children were shut up during the day by the fathers and mothers whose labors as bread-winners kept them out and forced them to leave their little ones alone for many long hours. Graphically the paragraph described the thronging people, the fierce flames, the little, terrified faces at the upper window, the hysterical swooning of mother, the father dazed and helpless with misery in the crowd below. Deliverance seemed impossible. And then what even the brave firemen dared not do one man in the crowd had done. An actor, Mark Robson, had forced his way through the volumes of dense smoke to the room in which the children were, whither he had been led by the whining of a faithful little dog.

The reporter went on to relate how Mark Robson had, at the risk of his life, saved the children, and then how, notwithstanding entreaties and remonstrances, burned, suffering, half stifled as he was, he had again risked his life with reckless gallantry to rescue the faithful little animal, and had staggered with him in his arms from the burning building, to fall insensible in the street.

Captain Adams' voice was very husky as he concluded his reading. The groups at the other end of the room, who had not been listening, were laughing and chatting. Lord Keith's face was grave and moved as he turned to the piano; Lady Rose's bright dark eyes were dim with tears. Barbara stood, her face rigid and colorless, her lips parted, staring straight before her with a fixed, unseeing gaze; then suddenly a great trembling seized her, her hands fell helplessly at her side, the heavy white lids drooped, the room seemed to turn round and round, there was a sound of rushing water in her ears.

"Barbara!" Miss Herrick's voice unusually loud and shrill, broke upon the silence. "Look—she is fainting!"

But something in the speaker's tones dispelled the creeping faintness. Even before he could reach her, Barbara had raised her drooping head and smiled with pallid, trembling lips and dim eyes at Lord Keith, who had sprung to her side.

"It is nothing," she said rather faintly, but quite calmly. "I am not ill. The account has shocked me—that is all. It must have been terrible! He—he is very brave. I—I hope he is not hurt."

"Heroism becomes 'pluck' in this nineteenth century," observed a gray-haired artist who was staying at the castle painting a portrait of Lord Elsdale's niece. "Well, whatever it is called, such conduct is not so common in so selfish an age as ours."

"And it is equally noble under any name," Lady Rose declared, her face flushed with enthusiasm.

They talked of the occurrence for some little time longer, the remainder of Lord Elsdale's guests joining them, anxious to hear what had caused such excitement. Barbara took no part in the conversation, but stood with blanched cheeks and parched lips, seeing the whole scene clearly, trembling, quivering in every limb, thrilled to her inmost being with the heroism of the deed they discussed; and, remembering her own debt to him who had done this noble act, she felt ashamed of her own disloyalty, at her own cowardice; that she dared not own that debt before them all.

"It was like him to go back and save the dog," she said to herself. "He was always pitiful to all things."

"You seem dazed, Bab," Blanche Herrick's mocking voice said; and, as Barbara raised her eyes with a start, she met the steel-blue eyes fixed upon her face with a keen and unkindly scrutiny. "One would think you knew this hero, and had a personal interest in him."

As Barbara looked up she felt rather than saw that Lord Keith's eyes were fixed upon her face, and that their anxious tenderness of expression was changing slowly into questioning surprise.

"Is one only to honor heroism when it is shown by personal friends?" she asked, with the languid haughtiness which became her so well, as she looked Miss Herrick full in the face.

"No, of course not," Blanche answered, with some embarrassment. "But you seemed so moved, I thought you knew him."

Barbara made no reply, but stood proud and indifferent, toying with the white fan in her hand.

She spoke so easily, so carelessly, so frankly, that not even Blanche Herrick suspected that she did not speak the truth; but hardly were the words uttered when she repented the base, cowardly falsehood with which she had stained her lips; and the bitter tears which she shed that night could do nothing to efface the memory of it.

(To be continued.)

WOMAN AT HOME

WHY WOMEN MARRY

THE motives for which women marry are as numerous as the sands of the sea, or—as the women. Accident, propinquity, trifling circumstances, social or family pressure, some slight airy nothing decides the question between marriage or no marriage for the woman so slight, that it is as if women were always waiting on the brink of this new experience, and a very light touch caused them to fall, wander, or drift into it, according to their several temperaments, says Harper's Bazar.

The curious point is the final determining motive in each case. Noting the number and variety of these, one is tempted to comment that a woman's motive for marriage is generally too high or too low; the desire to secure a living; the wish to escape from uncomfortable surroundings; the wish for money to spend, for ease, position, fine clothes or jewels; the fear of being an "old maid;" to secure the liberty of a married woman; desperation or sheer indifference; a yielding to the wishes or expectations of family or friends; or a reaction from disappointed hopes in other directions; often, alas! because the woman is fitted for nothing else, and must take whatever chance offers.

A little higher, and the motive rises out of self. The woman feels that she should take the burden of her support from those who are unable or unwilling to bear it, or she wishes for means to help those who have befriended her, whether parents or friends; she may feel a wish to help the man, make his life happier, or himself better. She may feel ability to do good still greater to others in the offered position. Marriage may mean care, responsibility, self-sacrifice, or self-denial, yet she may take all these as a duty and a means to the performance of some large deed. But while these motives are more worthy of respect than the first class, they are just as foolish and just as misleading.

But from all of these motives women marry, and when one considers how little of any human or reasonable or sensible thought enters into any of them, one is surprised that there are not more shipwrecked women in the world than there are.

ABOUT THE BABY.

Amusing the Baby.

A baby will be attracted for a time by some fine toy that he can simply look at, but he will spend ten times as long in putting pegs into holes in a board contrived for the purpose or in taking out one by one from a well-filled basket articles, no matter what—spools, blocks, clothespins, anything—so that they are sometimes changed and he does not tire of the monotony. Then the task of putting them all back keeps him busy for a still longer time.

As baby becomes more discerning and his fingers more nimble, a pleasing device for his employment is a board with variously shaped holes—round, square, triangular, etc.—with blocks and spheres to fit into the various places. Should these be in bright colors, his love for color may also be gratified, and learning these colors soon follows. Little tasks of carrying articles from one portion of the room to another, or from room to room, will often keep a child busy and interested for hours.

The Matron of Honor.

The matron of honor, as a rival to the maid of honor, seems to have established herself pretty securely. At some of the weddings the two divide the honors between them, but one of the winter brides was attended, or preceded rather, by a matron of honor, without any maids at all. The introduction of the matron as an attendant for a bride has been welcomed by girls who have a single strong friendship. Hitherto the first one to marry has enjoyed having her friend as maid of honor, while the maid of honor, when she became herself a bride, was forced to be content with some less intimate acquaintance as an attendant.—Harper's Bazar.

Regarding Bedclothes.

In regard to bedclothing nothing should be used save what can be, when needed, thoroughly cleansed. This will restrict us to blankets and the old-fashioned bed quilt. A comforter may be at hand for the exigency of a zero temperature, to be thrown upon the outside of the bed, but never placed beneath the other coverings. Comforters in constant use should be protected at the top by a neat covering of some fadeless material, as they are easily soiled where they come in contact with the mouth of the sleeper.

Growing Old.

The fashionable women of to-day will not grow old—no, not if they die for it, which many of them do, poor things. Their waists must be as slim, their manners as vivacious and their attire as up-to-date as if they were 25 instead of—well, let us say 50, although 60 might be nearer the mark. No gray hair for them—no worn-looking eyes. They touch up the former with one of the many restoratives, so their rapidly-thinning locks become more and more golden or bronze, until they are finally hidden under a red or yellow wig. The eyes which have been dimmed and aged by the tears they have shed and the things they have seen, are touched up with a pencil and brightened with belladonna, and faded and wrinkled skins are ironed out, whitened and painted so that by candle-light and at a proper distance they look comparatively youthful (to their owners), while, as long as gout and rheumatism will allow, they hop and skip to dance music with the best.

In these latter days we have elected not to grow old, and it is distinctly unfashionable to dress or act as if the accumulated years were a burden hard to bear. Up to the very end men and women are expected to dress and to act as if they were as young as ever, and, like the thoroughbred horse, to go until they drop.—New York Tribune.

The Attractive Woman.

A clever woman, provided she be not sarcastic and too fully alive to a sense of her own importance, is generally an attractive one. Men may be charmed for a time by a pretty face, but they soon tire of mere prettiness. Nor does it follow that all women of good sense and sharp intellect are necessarily plain. Bright thoughts enliven the most ordinary face, until the reflection of the mind shining out in all its radiance makes one forget that the features are not pure Grecian, and leads us to believe that such a woman is in reality a great beauty. The vivacious creature of varying moods and quaint fancies is the one charm. A man forgets the type of beauty she may or may not possess, so interested does he become in the pleasing study of a mind that renders her face ever winning, irresistible and pleasing, because, like the surface of a lake, there comes a change with every varying emotion. The attractive woman should cultivate the mind, for grace of soul and education of spirit count for more than limpid eyes, a rose-bud mouth and a dimpled chin. She should be ever teachable, for there is not one iota of lovableness in the man or woman who thinks he or she knows it all.

Successful Domestic Financing.

The secret of domestic finance is to make a little money go a long way. The old axiom about saving the pennies and letting the pounds take care of themselves is not the natural policy of Americans; only the frugal Scotch and French know that rule by heart. But women could learn it better than men because their minds dwell more naturally upon little things. If they are rarely great financiers they are frequently successful small financiers. Make a woman responsible for an allowance and she feels the interest of a junior partner; pay her bills, and she is put on the footing of an inferior. There is a feeling of ignominy about asking a man for car fare, 50 cents, $5, or even $100, disagreeable beyond expression to a woman with any pride or independence. Now that women are thinking more for themselves than in the past, independence is becoming naturally a part of their creed. This independence cannot be choked out.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Helping the Church.

There is something inexplicable in the attitude of some women in moderate circumstances regarding their financial duty to the church. "Let the rich contribute, I can't afford it," says the woman who spends 50 cents for a buckle, a quarter for bonbons and throws a penny into the collection box. It would be amusing if it were not so shocking, to note the richly gowned, jauntily millinered, daintily gloved young person who has nothing but a dirty little copper to offer in the house of God. The widow's mite is never a despicable thing; the small coin of poverty is a generous proportion of her all, but the really indigent woman is not adorned in fashionable attire. A poor washerwoman would be ashamed to give the miserable offering so unblushingly handed out by many a fine-plumaged dame and demoiselle.

Secure.

One way that one woman has of fastening the plain back of one of her new skirts is by safety pins of graduated size. These are all of heavy gold wire. The largest is just below the waist, and in the center of it is an oval turquois. The next pin below this is a size smaller, the next a size smaller than that, and so on through the five. A safety pin with a turquois like this is in a set with two small stick pins, each having the little turquois head plainly set in gold.

More Truth than Poetry.

"Here's an article for women," he said, on 'How to Make Yourself Attractive to a Man.'"

"Before or after marriage?" she inquired, thinking it was about time to have a little sport with him.

"After, of course," he replied promptly. "No woman ever loses the knack until after she marries."

No doubt he was, as she said, "a mean old thing."

Patriotic and Sentimental.

The prettiest and most poetic of all the patriotic badges has just been issued. It consists of an interlaced triple true lover's knot, in red, white and blue, and is supposed to be given by a soldier to his betrothed, or vice versa. The cord is of fine non-corrosive wire wrapped with colored silk thread, and is intended to stand the roughest usage.

THE HOUSEHOLD

Artificial Cream.

A cooking teacher tells of a manufactured cream that is worth knowing about in emergencies, when the real article is not to be had. It is made from the whites of two eggs, beaten stiff, with a tablespoonful of sugar and a teaspoonful of cornstarch. Half a cup of cold milk is added by degrees and all beaten together very stiff. A cup of milk is heated over the fire, with a small butter ball melted in it. This is allowed to come just to the boiling point, when it is removed to a cooler part of the stove and the beaten egg mixture added. When it has all thickened very slightly to about the consistency of thick cream, it is taken off and strained and cooled. This may be used as cream for serving with fresh or preserved fruits, but it is needless to add that it will not whip.—New York Post.

Coffee Fritters.

Trim a loaf of stale bread free from crust and cut into fingers one inch square and four inches in length. Beat well together three eggs, add to them one cupful of milk, one and one-half cupful of moderately strong coffee and a pinch of salt. Dip each finger in this, lay on a platter and pour over them the remainder of the mixture, turning them at intervals until all is absorbed. Have ready in a saucer one well-beaten egg and a large plateful of stale bread crumbs. Dip each finger into the egg, then roll in the crumbs. Drop two or three at a time into a deep saucepan partly filled with smoking-hot fat and cook until golden brown all over. Drain on unglazed paper for a moment, dust with powdered sugar and serve.

To Try Out Lard.

Always buy the "leaf," the fat around the kidneys. Cut into small pieces, say an inch square or half the size of an egg, and put it on to cook, adding one-quarter of a cupful of water. Stir from time to time, and when the shrunken pieces begin to turn yellow strain off nearly all the liquid fat into jars or pails; let the remainder cook until the scraps are crisp and will yield nothing more on pressure, when strain. The last pouring will not make so white lard as the first, but will be equally good if care is taken not to burn.

Cold-weather Diet.

Cold weather should mark radical changes in our diet, it being the mission of our food to "keep out the cold" as well as to nourish the body. Good soups and good meats are of first importance—indeed are synonymous with good senses, begging the pardon of our vegetarian friends. Purees (of meat foundation) and all the strong, rich soups—are strictly in midwinter order. In winter meat becomes the pivotal point of our diet.—Woman's Home Companion.

Soft Chocolate Icing.

Boil together one cupful and a half of granulated sugar, one-half of a cupful of water and a pinch of cream of tartar. When a little dropped into water can be rolled into a soft ball take from the fire, and set aside until partly cooled. Stir until it begins to thicken, add one teaspoonful of vanilla and two squares of chocolate grated and melted over hot water. When quite thick spread between and over the top of the cake.

Orange Tarts.

Needed: Oranges, sugar, puff paste. Pare some oranges very thin, soak them in water for three days, changing the water frequently. Boil them until soft. When cold, cut a thick slice from the top and bottom, and the rest in thin slices; line tart dishes with puff paste, and fill them with layers of sugar and orange alternately.

Graham Pudding.

One cupful of molasses, one cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of stoned raisins, one beaten egg, one teaspoonful of melted butter, one teaspoonful of soda, two cupfuls of graham flour; put in a pudding dish, steam for two hours, and serve with sauce.

Household Hints.

Grease may be removed from woolen goods by sponging it with strong, cold coffee.

Silks may be treated carefully in the same manner, using benzine instead of oil of turpentine.

Tea made from the blossoms of dog fennel, taken hot, is a simple and effective remedy for colic.

Wear old loose kid gloves when ironing, as they will save many callous spots on one's hands.

Fine laces may be cleaned by being packed in wheat flour and allowed to remain twenty-four hours.

It is a good plan to burn pine tar occasionally in a sick room, as it is an excellent disinfectant and also induces sleep.

If a shirt bosom or any other article has been scorched in ironing, lay it where the bright sunshine will fall directly upon it.

Black silk may be renovated by a thorough sponging with stale beer, placed between newspapers and pressed with a hot iron.

It is well to keep a small paint brush convenient for dusting the crevices in furniture and all spots that cannot be reached with the dust cloth.

For colored cotton and woolen goods rub lard thoroughly into the spot, and let it lie until the tar seems loosened; then treat alternately with oil of turpentine, soap and water.